

French Tips

ASAP Ferg

Yeah, uh-huh (Make it hot)
Yeah, uh-huh-huh, what?
Yeah (Make it hot)
Yeah, uh (Make it hot)
(Make it hot)
Yeah, yeah, uh
We can [?] in silence

Short hair like Cleo chick can set it off
Gangster bitch like Vivica when she let it off
She drop the range for the niggas, she dropped the fellas off
Hot acid up, designer for her pops, her cheddar long (Alright)
She smoking like a bong, I slip it through the pearly thongs (Uh)
She put my jewelry on, I fuck her to my newest song (Alright)
Left the boots on, sis slept on the Futon (Yeah)
Wake me up for lunch time, pass me the Grey Poupon (Silence)
Don't do coupons, your ex was on Groupon (Uh)
Got you in the mansion and you waking up to new palms (Uh-huh)
You could be my stripper, I just put some Uncle Luke on (Right)
Lovin' in the tub until all the water is lukewarm (Right)
Before we go again, I sip some Goo Gone (Uh-huh)
When you wet, I start to tingle 'cause it's too warm (Uh)
I ain't put the condom on 'cause you got me stuck (Yeah)
I'm pullin' out, I ain't ready to shoot the club off

Oh I'd like to get to know if you could be (Uh, uh, uh, and if you don't know, now you know, nigga, could be)
The kind of nigga I could be down for (Uh, word, down for)
Got me feening for you, want you to show me (Yeah, uh, show me, yeah, uh)
If you're the one I like (Make it hot), baby, come make a move on me (Yeah)

Pretty bitch with her fitted French tips on acrylic
Never listen to the critics, all them other niggas crickin'
Said she wanna smoke on gumbo, let her pitch in with the killers
In my hood she with the grillers, like to pull up with her niggas
Like her restaurant's expensive
She ain't never got a problem paying, they're just tipping
That's why my baby glisten
Always keep her hunting so it's never need for fishing
Plus she got the vision (Word up)
Haters always wanna hit us with the vision
Stickin' to the plan cause I'm a man on a mission (Uh)
Hittin' up dope and street drops on banks for my missus
She washin' them dishes, them diamonds dance in the kitchen
We roll bands in the kitchen
All of them pots and them pans, it damn the collision (Uh-huh)
All up in your guts, can I get some damn recognition?
We gon' get to them bucks and I'm sharing all them riches
Don't care about all them bitches (Word up)

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The kind of nigga I could be down for (Uh, word, down for)
Got me feening for you, want you to show me (Yeah, uh, show me, yeah, uh)
If you're the one I like (Make it hot), baby, come make a move on me (Yeah)

Yeah, mm, uh (Make it hot)

Mm, yeah, uh-huh, what?
Yeah, yeah (Make it hot)
Mm, yeah, Mm-mm, uh (Make it hot)
Yeah-yeah, we could (Make it hot)